

SHIPMENTS FOR JULY ARE GOOD

The shipment of coal, nut coal and slack through Lock No. 4 during the month of July, were heavy in comparison to those of the previous month the total amount being 15,370,000 bushels, yet this is not a record breaker as a monthly shipment but the shipment during the last six days of the month broke all records for daily and weekly shipments. The record shows that during the last week there were shipped 6,571,000 bushels of coal. This is one of the largest weekly shipments on record. While the daily shipments reached in some instances 1,500,000. There were 1375 boats, barges and flats passed down and 1255 up stream, in all there being 1433 lockings made of general merchandise including wire, nails, glass and other products. There were over 370 tons shipped, this being products from the Monessen mills and glass from Belle Vernon. Passenger traffic was good and on the increase 3,308 being the total for July both up and down stream. The slight swell in the rivers during last week permitted the most of the coal loaded in the upper pools to pass down in the lower harbors. Just now the coal men are realizing the many benefits derived from the adjustable dams so recently completed on the upper Ohio, as by these they are enabled to harbor their coal in those pools ready for shipments to lower river markets and avoid much danger through congestion in time of high water. About all the available craft were pressed into commission during the rise of last week but many boats are laid up now in order of slack shipments. There are but few boats to be loaded except for those for local trade. Steamboat owners are taking advantage of the dull times and are having their boats all put in first class repair in view of the fall and

FOREIGNERS IN CONFLICT, ONE IS NOW DEAD

Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 2.—In a pitched battle between Italians and Slavs at Gates, one of the H.C. Frick Coke company plants near Mason-town, last night, one man was killed, two were probably mortally wounded, while a score of others were injured. The dead man, Antillo Ronco, an Italian, was shot through the heart and died instantly.

Yesterday was pay day at the Frick plant. The men began drinking and by nightfall were in an ugly mood. For months there has been feeling between the Italians and the Slavs.

Last night the warring factions got beyond control of the authorities and became involved in a riot. Jacob Furance, leader of the Italian faction, went to a Slav boarding house and defied its 25 inmates. In a few minutes Furance and Alex Molanski were battling, when Antillo Ronco, another Italian, went to the assistance of the former and this was the signal for a general fight. Antillo Ronco was the first man to fall, with four bullets in his body. On the spot where Ronco died was found a 38-calibre revolver, containing four empty shells and a loaded one.

Tonight the entire crowd was brought into Uniontown and lodged in jail. The state police who were called made the arrests.

WITHIN MONTH TWO PRISONERS FIND WAY OUT

On Saturday night for the second time within a month, an escape was made from the boro lockup, John Leppert who was to be sent to jail to serve a thirty day sentence for larceny gaining his freedom by a back window route. He tore a couple of iron bars loose and crawled out.

On July 6th, a young fellow of Charleroi who was confined temporarily got away from the place in the same manner, but since that time the window has been fixed as well as possible, but the place cannot be made staunch enough without a new window to resist the efforts of a determined man. The glaring defects of the place is shown by the frequent escapes. There is one character who is put in the rear compartments, and so desires can make his way out nearly every time.

Just a Fish Story.
Forty years ago, when my father was captain of an East India trading ship, while off the coast of Africa near the equator the ship's carpenter was taken sick and died. He was sewed up in canvas, and with him were sewed his kit of tools and grindstone for ballast to sink him. Services were held and the body committed to the sea.

Four days later the ship's boy fell overboard, and a great shark came up under the stern and swallowed the boy before he could be reached.

The next day the shark was still following the ship. A shark hook was belted and put over the stern, and the shark was caught, but was so large it could not be taken on board, and they were obliged to shoot him. He looked so plump and large the mate, who was an old whaler, wanted to go over the side and cut the fish open. He was lowered over and cut a hole in the shark and was surprised to hear voices and on looking in saw the ship's boy turning the grindstone for the ship's carpenter, who was sharpening his ax to cut their way out.

My father, who is eighty years old, can vouch for this that it is a fish story.—Boston Journal.

MEETING ON SATURDAY EVENING

The officials of District No. 5, United Mine Workers held a meeting Saturday night in the A. O. H. hall, Monongahela, and definitely decided to hold the Labor Day celebration at Monongahela, on Monday, July 7th, which is the first day of the Old Home week there. District President Francis Feehan, and Secretary-Treasurer Donovan were present, and seemed to like very much the idea of opening up the Old Home Week with the Miner's Celebration. It will be made one of the best ever held in this section. A parade will be as usual the main feature. It was thought that the miners would select Monongahela for the celebration, having been invited there, but Saturday the official action was taken.

How Could She Do It?
The homely forms of speech used by the country people with whom little Edith and her mother boarded last summer were frequently very puzzling to the child.

One evening the farmer's wife, in talking for a few minutes with Edith's mother, remarked that, as she was very tired that night, she would "go to roost with the chickens."

When Edith's bedtime arrived a little later the youngster was nowhere to be found. After considerable search she was discovered sitting on a large stone near the chicken house, quietly watching the fowls as they came in one by one.

"Edith," called her mother, "what are you doing there? I've been looking for you everywhere; it's time to go to bed."

"I know, mother," was the reply, "but they are nearly all in now, so shall I be late soon, I guess."

"Who are in and who will be there? What on earth are you talking about, child?" asked the mystified mother.

"Why," explained Edith, rather impatiently, "you know Mrs. — said she was going to roost with the chickens tonight, and I'm waiting to see how she does it."

A Chinese Superstition.
When a Chinese baby takes a nap people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk perhaps. If the nap is a very long one the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never awaken. Sometimes men are sent out into the streets to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping along after them.

A Fox's Stratagem.
A fox is bound to be a thief whenever he has half a chance to steal, says London Answers. He can no more help taking a goose than a badly trained cat can help taking a chop from the larder. There was a tame fox that was chained in a yard to keep him out of mischief, but he soon hit upon a plan for seizing a stray duck or fowl. At the very farthest point to which his chain would reach he used to place a portion of his food and then hide himself in his kennel. In due course a silly chicken was sure to spy the bait and begin pecking at it. Before it had had time to enjoy its meal, however, the fox would pounce upon it and the stock of poultry be reduced by one.

When Not to Smoke.
It is quite certain that much may be done to diminish the risk of tobacco amblyopia by paying attention to certain points of personal hygiene. For instance, a rule should be made never to smoke upon an empty stomach, but as far as possible only after meals. It is absolutely bad to smoke before dinner and equally bad to smoke late at night to keep awake at one's work. It should also be forbidden to chew the cigar between the teeth, as many smokers are wont to do.—Hospital.

Why, Indeed?
The five-year-old son was asking his father some severe questions about a recent addition to the family. "That baby likes me," said the youngster sharply. "Oh, yes, he likes your ma," said his father, "but he likes me too." Thereupon the five-year-old from whom great things were expected exclaimed: "Then you? Then why don't he cry when he looks at you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

COKERS WIN LAST GAME OF SERIES

Connellsville, in the third and last game of the series, won from Charleroi Saturday by a grand stand finish, getting three runs in the eighth inning after Charleroi had seemingly clinched the game. Blanchard for the Cokers was a little wild at the start and it was not until late in the game that he got going well. The Cherubs were able to glean ten bingles of his delivery. Willis Humphries, who pitched for Charleroi allowed but seven safeties.

Charleroi scored in the first, second and third, Blanchard's wildness allowing liberties in the way of tickets to be first cushion. In these sessions he walked two men and hit the same number, a score being made each of three innings by a man that he had granted privileges, or tried to stave in the ribs.

The Cokers scored one in the fourth on two hits, one a double. In the eighth they scored three. After Sweeney was out Blanchard popped and Dunn misjudged it, the pitcher being first. Price singled and was forced by Ellum at second. Birmingham singled over the infield, Blanchard scoring, and Calhoun scored Ellum and Birmingham on a hit through short. Score.

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.....	1	3	2	0	0
Dunn, s.....	0	1	3	4	1
Hare, m.....	1	0	1	0	0
McGrove, 2.....	0	0	0	3	0
Abbott, 1.....	0	1	0	0	0
Kain, 1.....	0	2	10	0	0
Waley, c.....	1	1	6	0	1
Reeder, 3.....	0	1	2	1	0
William's p.....	0	1	0	2	0
Totals.....	3	10	24	10	2

CONNELLVILLE	R	H	P	A	E
Price, 2.....	0	1	1	2	0
Ellum, s.....	1	0	5	5	1
Birmingham, 3.....	1	1	2	4	0
Calhoun, 1.....	1	3	1	2	0
Francis, m.....	1	0	0	0	0
Tiffany, 1.....	0	0	12	1	0
Wallace, r.....	0	0	1	0	1
Sweeney, c.....	0	1	5	0	0
Blanchard p.....	1	0	0	4	0
Totals.....	4	7	27	13	2

Connellsville.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 3 4
Charleroi.....1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 3
Two-base hits—Calhoun 2, Nally. Sacrifice hits—Cosgrove, W. Humphries. Stolen bases—Birmingham, Calhoun. Nally. Double plays—Calhoun and Sweeney; Price, Ellum and Tiffany; Dunn and Heinz. Base on balls—Off Blanchard, 3 off Humphries. Struck out—by Blanchard 2, by Humphries 4. Umpire—McGeary.

DISCUSSION OVER PENSIONING RELATIVES

There is considerable discussion of the situation in which the late fatality at Gettysburg leaves surviving relatives of the three members of the National Guard of Pennsylvania who lost their lives at the Gettysburg encampment during the progress of the electric storm on the Thursday night of the encampment. Under the state law no provision is made either for pensioning a member of the National Guard who is disabled while in the line of duty, for pensioning his surviving parents or wife in the event of his death under circumstances like that at Gettysburg. It is contended that something ought to be done to provide a remedy for this defect and the matter is pretty certain to be called to the attention of the next legislature.

"The kind your Grandfather used" and he was of rare judgment. Profit by his experience and use Old I. W. Harper whiskey. Sold by W. H. Zellers. 3062 twf.

Johns.
Miss Ruth, the 12 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Johns of 211 Fallowfield avenue, died at the home this morning at 10:15 o'clock of a complication of diseases. Funeral arrangements later.

Thomas and John McDermott of Newhall were over Sunday visitors in Charleroi with friends.

ACROSS CONTINENT BY FOOT; TO STOP IN THIS PLACE

Christian Dannebaum, a sturdy pedestrian of Newark, N. J., will probably arrive in Charleroi tonight or tomorrow morning, on a walking tour from Newark to San Francisco. He will go from there by boat to the Philippines. Dannebaum is an Elk and one of the objects of his trip is to visit the Elks' club along his route. He arrived in Uniontown Saturday and left there this morning on his way west, coming from there to Brownsville, and Charleroi, where he will call on Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, then to Monessen, Monongahela, McKeesport, Braddock and Pittsburgh.

Dannebaum decided to make the trip for health and pleasure and started out from Newark June 24 with a large number of good credentials in his pocket. He has stopped at many towns in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland since then and has been cordially received. He arrived in Uniontown after following the old national pike across the mountains and was much impressed with the historic scenery adjacent to that place.

On his trip westward Dannebaum hopes to make enough time to arrive in Los Angeles by next July, when the annual Elk's reunion will be held there.

Lived to Fight Another Day.

Frederick the Great simply lost his head at Molwitz, his first battle. Had he not been a king it is safe to say that he would have been shot at the next sunrise. In the heat of the carnage he got an idea that the army under his command was being overwhelmed, so he put the spurs to his horse and dashed headlong among his soldiers. He rode many miles before he stopped in his wild night. Late at night he was discovered hiding in an old mill, awaiting, as he thought, capture by the enemy. Then he discovered that the army he deserted had won the battle. As Frederick was a prince, everybody tried to forget the incident just as quickly as possible, and after that, when the king went to war, he was just as brave as any other soldier.

On the Verge of Prostration.

"What else have you got?" asked Cholly, looking languidly over the bill of fare for something to tempt his jaded appetite.

"Well," replied the waitress, "we have hot biscuits too."

"That'll do," said Cholly, resting his intellect by tossing the bill of fare aside. "Bring me a hot biscuit stew."—Chicago Tribune.

Rebuttal Testimony.

The Guest—Isn't your little boy rather nervous, Mrs. Blum? Mrs. Blum—No; I think not. Little Boy—Yes, I am, ma; when people who come here stay too long it makes me wriggle around and kick my chair.

Badly Expressed.

In Grant-Duff's "Notes From a Diary" it is told that when Landseer, the great animal painter, was presented to the king of Portugal his majesty said: "Ah, I am so glad to see you! I always like beasts!"

Compromise.

Customer (in bookstore)—Let me have a copy of "Antony and Cleopatra." Clerk—Yes, sir; \$1, please. Customer—Dear me, I've only got 50 cents. Just give me Antony!—Harper's Weekly.

A Pocket Symphony.

"My piano is very much like my trousers pockets. When my wife goes into them she often finds nothing but keys, and then there is music."—New York Globe.

SIX ITALIANS ARRESTED BY SINGLE MAN

Six Italians by the names of Pete Chaser, Peter Flochage, Dominick Bornan, John Charge Sawevio DeCrisi, and Charles Porcell, will have a hearing before Squire Watkins, of Monessen tonight, the former three on a charge of disorderly conduct and being suspicious characters, and latter three for carrying concealed weapons. The men were taken sin handed from Rostraver to Monessen last evening by Donto Buto, a young Italian, and turned over to the police. DeCrisi had a knife in his possession of immense size.

Young Buto was out for a walk toward Rostraver last evening about 5 o'clock. At that place he noticed an Italian, who later developed to be Porcell, chasing a woman over the hills at a fast pace. Things did not look right to Buto, who laid a trap for the man, but instead of getting just the one captured six. Turning them over to the Monessen police, he made information before Squire Watkins where the hearing will be held.

BROWNSVILLE FOREIGN BANK CLOSED SATURDAY

Brownsville, Pa., August 2.—foreign bank operated here by Joseph Mayerchak was closed yesterday by Constable Alex Labin and three charges of embezzlement were lodged against the banker. The amount of his alleged defalcations is not definitely known. The charges were made by three of Mayerchak's depositors. He was taken before Justice of the Peace J. T. Ross and waived a hearing in each instance. He furnished bail in each of the three cases against him to the total aggregating \$2,400.

The announcement that the bank had been closed brought a number of angry foreigners to the town and this caused a flutter of excitement for a short time. Justice Ross said he believed matters were shaping up in such a manner that the cases against Mayerchak would be settled and information withdrawn.

Received Government Appointment.

The many friends of C. B. Copeland will be pleased to know that he has received and accepted a position with the United States Engineers and for the present will be located at Braddock on the U. S. Steamboat Slackwater, the appointment being confirmed by Supt. George S. Nutt on Saturday. Mr. Copeland left today to enter upon his duties.

The 12-year-old son of C. M. Short, of Noblestown literally faced death yesterday afternoon when a horse was riding jumped against a freight train. The horse was killed and young Short was thrown to the ground. Aside from a few cuts and bruises he escaped uninjured.

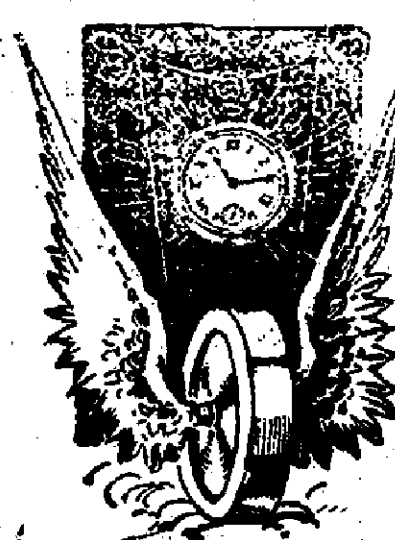
This year's town picnic, which is scheduled for Wednesday, Aug. 19, is going to the greatest Belle Vernon has ever had. Every committee is now down to hard work, and next week it may be possible to announce the program of events. This bill consist of races and various other sports.

An Established Custom—Banking by Mail.

* Banking By Mail has become an established custom among our depositors.
† It is not only the people of Charleroi and nearby towns that have taken advantage of the convenience, safety and profit afforded by an account with the First National Bank of Charleroi, but people from all parts of Pennsylvania do their banking with us By Mail.
‡ Write to us—and we will write to you—will send you full particulars about Banking By Mail.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
First National Bank
Charleroi, Pa.
Open from 8 to 9 P. M. On Saturdays
Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

J. E. Toner, Pres. F. B. Newton, Vice-Pres. R. E. Bush, Cashier.
You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us By Mail.



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JOHN E. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler

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A Republican Newspaper

Published Daily Except Sunday
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street,
CHARLEROI, PA.

FOR P. SLOAN, President
S. W. SHARP, Sec'y & Treas.
HARRY E. PRICE, Business Manager

Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa.
second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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cents per week.
Communications of public interest are al-
ways welcome, but as evidence of good
faith, and not necessarily for publication,
it is invariable bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

Jell 78 Charleroi 76

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Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first
insertion. Rates for large space con-
tracts made known on application.
READING NOTICES—Such as
business locals, notices of meetings,
resolutions of respect, cards of
thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official
and similar advertising, including
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sales, live stock and stray notices,
back notices, notices to teachers, 10
cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Micht.....Charleroi
H. Collins.....Speers
H. Dooley.....Dunlevy
J. J. Clements.....Lock No. 4

Unrest

What is the cause of the present
great unrest among the people not only
in the United States, but all over the
World? Go where you will there you
will find a struggle going on between
the people and their governments to
not only strip autocracy of its abso-
lutism, but here in America, democ-
racy is restless, chafing under the
restraints of representative government
and fired with a desire to seize the
reins of government and place them
into their own hands.

Run the gamut of the eight political
platform from that of the Re-
publican which closely conforms to
a principles upon which the Re-
public was founded, fostered and grew
the mightiest on earth to that of
DeLeon and Debs and through them
all there runs a vein of disquietude
with present methods of conducting
the affairs of Nation, State city and
county.

Where there is so much smoke there
is bound to be some fire and whatever
fire there is will not be quenched with
words, but with deeds, performed after
a patient examination has revealed
the causes. The old Greenback party,
while but a spasmodic affair, never-
theless, paved the way for the pres-
ent party divisions and the Populism
merged into Bryanism finds its strong-
hold in Hearstism, which in the last
analysis, means to end representative
government.

Were all of these radical elements
to sink minor differences and meet
the leadership of a strong and
man, they have votes enough
to the struggle for supremacy
titanic proportions and cause
the friends of the Republic to tremble
for the result. As it is, these radical
elements have sloughed off into small
factions, each arrayed against the other
and in their accusations of the motives
actuating each, furnish the reasons
why none of them should be entrusted
with power.

Until those people learn to com-
promise upon unessential matters and
sink their personal ambitions and an-
imosities, they will never even seri-
ously challenge the supremacy of the Re-
publican party regardless of how much
right and justice exists in their loud
complaints.

Where He Comes In.

It has been a source of a little, very
little of course, speculation as to what
business it is to the microcosm on the
western Independent whether there is
a bridge between Washington and
the counties. There is a truism
public affairs to the effect that
what is everybody's business is no-
body's business, and as that editor
conforms to the specification of "no-
body," in every particular, therein
lies his right to inflict his sonorous
glib and flatulent gabble on the peo-
ple.

If he would cease writing like a
yap talks when his mouth is filled with
hog and hominy, and confine his men-

tal throes to jerking at "false hips and
hair," his word convulsions might,
possibly, be understood, for they would
then be on a subject upon which he
claims to be an authority and the users
thereof might be frightened into cease
using such seductions and snares to
entrap the guileless and unsophisticat-
ed youth into the joys and sorrows of
matrimony.

On Saturday he had what is thought
he intended as a thing to utterly wipe
Charleroi from the map, but as the
town is still here and people going
placidity about their business, there
must have been some miscalculation on
his part about his mental eruption be-
ing of the earthquake order. What
he thought was a thunderbolt was
only the explosions caused from over-
loading his stomach with beans and
the noise typified himself.

—Thus
We dismiss the little cuss.

Will Be A Success.

Of course, our neighbor, Monono-
gahela, could not be permitted to go
on in its own way and at its own ex-
pense and hold a reunion of its former
residents without some of the tribe of
Buttinski inserting his embellic ad-
vice or letting out what he thinks are
crushing reasons why it should not be
held.

In all of these cases the opposition
does not contribute, not even their
presence, and are not interested one
way or another and can neither help
nor hinder yet with a gravity worthy
of an Augur they perpetrate a criticism
the only effect of which is to expose
their mental poverty. As the whir-
ling of time provides a day even for
the most insignificant, it can fairly
be presumed that some of them are
using their day in objecting to that in
which they have no interest.

Extensive inquiry reveals that the
gala week in Monongahela will be one
of unalloyed pleasure. That city has
thousands of sons and daughters
throughout the land who have the love
and affection for the place where they
were born which none but the wicked
ever lose and that they will return to
that place with the fondest anticipa-
tions is not to be doubted and as they
once more look upon familiar scenes,
they will exclaim with FitzGreene
Hallack: "My own green land, for-
ever."

Looks Black.

The Drug Store Dynasty is holding
little meetings felicitating itself on
the manner in which its tentacles have
temporarily side tracked the free
bridge. In its fantasy it does not dis-
cern that it has dug its own political
grave.

Among the Exchanges

In some sections of the state the
health officers are making a careful
inspection of the various soda water
fountains. They inquire into the
method of manufacturing the syrups
as well as the cleanliness of the foun-
tain. This is an excellent idea. Per-
haps the health officers will also give
a gentle hint to those grocers who
permit flies to have free access to ber-
ries and vegetables, thus endangering
the health of their customers. It
would not require a very large amount
of exertion upon the art of those who
supply the public with food to comply
with the ordinary suggestions of
cleanliness. Berries should not be
exposed to the visitations of flies at
any time. They are among the most
persistent carriers of disease and
death.— Altoona Tribune.

The school officials of Fayette
county are convinced that the assess-
ors have made some very big mistakes
in the assessment of school children
in the various townships of that
county. According to the lists there
are 24,586 children of school age in
the whole of Fayette, while last
year's returns showed a school popu-
lation of 26,919, an apparent decrease
of 2,333. Nobody in Fayette county
believes these figures are correct, but
unless the school directors of the sev-
eral townships and townships go to the
trouble of providing for a special
enumeration, the county will lose a
part of the state appropriation justly
coming to it. We cannot under-
stand why there should be any special
difficulty in securing a reasonably ac-
curate enumeration of the children of
any given locality.

T. J. Reeves and Floyd Chalfant
were over Sunday visitors in Pittsburg
and Tarentum.

P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.

	W	L	Per
Uniontown.....	49	24	.646
Clarksburg.....	32	34	.605
Charleroi.....	38	39	.494
Cornellsville.....	37	38	.494
Fairmont.....	37	49	.430
Grafton.....	27	49	.360

Saturday's Results.

Cornellsville.....4 Charleroi.....3
Uniontown.....4 Clarksburg.....1
Grafton.....9 Fairmont.....3

Yesterday's Results.

Cornellsville.....8 Fairmont.....6
Clarksburg.....8 Grafton.....7

Games Today

Uniontown at Charleroi
Counellsville at Fairmont
Clarksburg at Grafton

IRVING AND MONTAGUE.

One of Their Practical Jokes That
Scared Their Friends.

In Scott's "The Drama of Yesterday
and Today" the author tells of a prac-
tical joke played by Henry Irving and
Harry Montague upon a number of
their friends, and "in its execution was
seen the first dawning glimmer of that
tragic force that was ultimately to find
expression in Scott's 'Dream of Eugene
Arum' and 'The Bells.'" Irving and
Montague, hitherto the best allies, be-
gan to quarrel on their way to a picnic,
and their friends feared some tragic
consequences. After luncheon both of
the men disappeared.

Smale's face turned deadly pale. He
felt that his worst fears were being
realized. With one wild cry, "They're
gone—what on earth has become of
them?" he made a dash down the Dar-
gle over the rocks and boulders, with
the remainder of the picnic party at his
heels.

At the bottom of a "dreadful hollow
behind the little wood" a fearful sight
presented itself to the astonished
friends. There on a stone sat Henry
Irving in his shirt sleeves, his long hair
matted over his eyes, his thin hands
and white face all smeared with blood,
and dangleing an open clasp knife.

He was muttering to himself in a
savage tone: "I've done it! I've done it!
I said I would! I said I would!"

Tom Smale in an agony of fear
rushed up to Irving, who waved him
on one side with threatening gestures.
"For God's sake, man," screamed the
distracted Smale, "tell us where he is!"

Irving, scarcely moving a muscle,
pointed to a heap of dead leaves and
in sepulchral tones cried: "He's there—
there! I've done for him! I've mur-
dered him!"

Smale literally bounded to the heap
and began flinging aside the leaves in
every direction. Presently he found
the body of Harry Montague lying face
downward. Almost paralyzed with
fear, Smale just managed to turn the
head round and found Montague con-
vulsed with laughter, with a pocket
handkerchief in his mouth to prevent
an explosion. Never was better acting
seen on any stage.

FOODS OF ITALY.

Specialties of the Friggitrici in Naples
and Genoa.

Huge meaty chestnuts are found ev-
erywhere in Italy. Peeled and boiled
in a reddish broth seasoned with laurel
leaves and caraway seeds, the nuts
are palatable. About two dozen of
the large kernels are sold for a penny. In
both Genoa and Naples the friggitrici
are interesting, and some of the spe-
cialties are well worth a try. One
can forget the unappetizing appear-
ance of cooks and cooking appliances.
One friggitrice attracts attention to a
tray of golden balls which she piles in
a pyramid. The golden balls are arti-
chokes. They are boiled in salted wa-
ter until tender and are put in a pan
over steam to keep them hot until a
customer appears. For threepence the
vender will take one from the steam-
ing pan, dry it, dip it into batter and
pop it into the hot oil. A moment
later a golden brown ball, delicious
and crispy on the outside and tender
and succulent on the inside, is handed
to the purchaser. The frying is man-
aged in such a way that when the
fritters are taken from the kettle they
are very hot, but so dry on the outside
that they scarcely soil the fingers when
eaten from the hand. Another frig-
gitrice specialty is that of cheese balls.
They are made of paste filled with
grated cheese and fried. Mashed chest-
nuts, rice, chopped chicken and many
vegetables are used to vary the fillings
for the popular fritos. Some of the
frying kettles are portable, and the
friggitrici have regular routes like the
milkmen, where they tap at the base-
ment door, get their orders, take their
tiny bellows and blow up the char-
coal until it glows and then cook the
breakfast of meat balls or rice cakes
or artichokes, which are sent in hot.—
Leslie's Weekly.

Qualified.

Head Astronomer—I want a man to
figure eclipses, calculate the distances
between various stars, fix the orbits of
certain comets and, in fact, be a sort
of handy mathematical man around the
heavens. What are your qualifications?
Applicant (grudgingly)—All last year, sir,
I was the official score keeper for a
woman's bridge club.—Life.

The Lady of The Lilacs.

By Philip Keen.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated
Literary Press.

Sherwood called her "The Lady of
the Lilacs" because always on spring
days there was a bunch of lilacs on
her desk, offerings from the girls to a
best loved teacher.

"You simply can't help loving her,"
Betty Baynes said to Sherwood in her
emphatic young girl way. "You simply
can't help it, Uncle Jack."

"I don't see," Uncle Jack ventured,
"where her particular charm comes
in."

"She's so sweet," Betty analyzed,
"and dainty—and—and—sad"—Betty
was getting into deep water. "Anyhow,
she's lovely."

Sherwood always called for his niece
after school and drove her out to Sher-
wood farm, where Betty and her wid-
owed mother made their home with
him. The farm was beyond the town—a
great place, with great barns, where
were housed the beautiful horses that
had made the farm famous.

As he sat in the trap waiting he
could look right into the windows of
the room where Miss Duval taught,
and he could see her head bent over
her desk, with the great bunch of lilacs
making a background.

"Look here," he said to Betty one
afternoon as they drove away in the
sundrive, "I'd like to paint her that
way."

"What way?" asked Betty.
"Paint Miss Duval—just her head,
bent a little, against a background of
lilac blooms, with a circle of gold in-
closing it like a halo."

"Oh, Uncle Jack," Betty's face was
beaming, "it would be beautiful!"

"I'd call it 'The Lady of the Lilacs,'"
Sherwood planned. "By George, Betty,
I believe it would be the best thing
I've done."

But "The Lady of the Lilacs" when
approached refused to be painted. "Oh,
please tell Mr. Sherwood," she said
breathlessly, "that I couldn't think of
such a thing. I am sure he can find a
better model, Betty."

"He can't," Betty said obstinately.
"Please, please, Miss Duval!"

The little teacher shook her head.
"Don't insist, dear," she said. "I really
cannot."

"Now, what do you think of that,
Uncle Jack," said Betty, almost in
tears, as they drove away that night.

"I don't know what to think," said
Sherwood. "I hate to give up the idea."
"Well, don't give it up," Betty said.
"You know you always get your own
way when you want it, Uncle Jack."

"Yes, I do," said Sherwood thought-
fully.

Several days later when Betty came
out of the school arm in arm with the
little teacher Sherwood met them at
the door.

"Won't you let us drive you home,
Miss Duval?" he urged. "We will go
the long way round, and it will do you
good."

Miss Duval hesitated. "Oh," she be-
gan, but Betty interrupted: "Of course
you'll go. You've never driven behind
the Buckner team, and they are such
beauties."

It developed that Miss Duval was
from Kentucky and that she loved
horses. "I used to ride a great deal
out there," she admitted.

"Why can't you ride here?" Sher-
wood demanded. "We have a half doz-
en ladies' mounts in the stables that
are growing fat and lazy for want of
exercise."

"I haven't a habit," Miss Duval de-
murred.

"I have two," Betty announced
promptly, "and you can wear one."

On Saturday Miss Duval in Betty's
covert cloth habit and three cornered
hat and mounted on Hulda Buckner
was a transformed creature.

"I thought she was pretty," was
Sherwood's mental comment, "but, by
Jove, she's a beauty."

And more and more he yearned to
paint her.

To that end he paid her most de-
voted attention, and it became a regu-
lar thing for the little teacher to spend
the week ends at Sherwood farm. Bet-
ty's mother found her charming.

"I am glad to have Betty under her
influence," she told her brother. "She
is a lady to her finger tips."

"Yes," Sherwood agreed moodily,
"but I wish she would let me paint her
as 'The Lady of the Lilacs.'"

His sister stared indignantly. "I
don't believe you ever look at a woman
except from the standpoint of art."

Sherwood laughed. "I don't fall in
love easily, if that is what you mean,"
he said and shrugged his shoulders and
went on.

That afternoon he sauntered down
to the end of the big garden where
Hulda Duval was pouring tea. The
little table was set under a lilac bush,
and the fragrance of the blossoms
filled the air.

Betty, on the other side of the bush,
was playing tennis with a boy from
town. Mrs. Baynes had been called to
the house, and Sherwood was alone
with the Lilac Lady.

"I wish you would let me paint
your picture," he said to her.

"No," she said slowly. "I am not
sure that I like the idea of my pic-
ture hanging in a gallery for the pub-
lic to gaze at."

"But I think I ought to tell you why
I do not want my picture placed be-
fore the public."

It was such a simple little tale, I
was married. That was the fact that
was borne in upon him with stunning
force. Her husband had been her
father's choice, not her own.

"We were rich," she explained, "but
after my father's death my husband
spent everything we had, and I was
very unhappy. So I ran away and
took my maiden name. And that is
why I do not want my picture to ap-
pear. I do not want him to find me-
ever."

She said it vehemently, with a little
flush on her cheeks. "My father said
love would come," she went on hur-
riedly, "but it did not. I felt for
Betty's sake I ought to tell you. It's
such unpleasant history that you
might not care to have me with her so
much."

Sherwood flung up his head. Sudden-
ly it seemed to him that there was
nothing that he so much wished to do
as to shelter her from misfortune.

"Betty will always be honored by
your presence, as we all are—as we
shall always be," he said, and she
smiled at him and held out her hand.

"Somehow I felt that I had found a
friend," she said simply. "That is why
I told you. It seemed best, and I knew
you would understand."

That afternoon Sherwood went for a
long ride on his favorite horse, Max-
tell, and during that ride he fought a
battle. Now that Dulcie Duval was
out of reach she seemed the most desir-
able thing in the world. Indeed, from
the first moment she had been desir-
able, but he had let the artist in him
blind the lover. He had made himself
think that it was her picture, not her-
self, that he wanted.

And now that he knew that he loved
her he felt that he must go away—
back to Paris to the studio—to the
dreams that had of late been partially
submerged in his practical plans for
Sherwood farm.

When he came back that night, Betty
met him on the porch.

"We are going for a ride early in the
morning," she said, "Miss Duval and I,
and I want you to go with us."

"Not tomorrow, Bettykins," he de-
murred. "I've got a lot of things to
do. I am planning to spend the sum-
mer in Paris."

Betty's dismayed exclamation brought
his sister and Miss Duval.

"He's going away," Betty cried, "and
he doesn't know when he will come
back."

And Sherwood, watching the face of
the Lady of the Lilacs, saw it grow
pale, and his heart leaped at the
thought that she cared.

In the early morning from his bed-
room window he saw them ride away.

Five minutes later he was at the
stables. "How does it happen that
Miss Duval is riding Maxtell?" he de-
manded of a groom.

"Hulda is lame," said the man, "and
Miss Duval insisted on riding Maxtell."
We tried to get her to have one of the
other mounts, but she wouldn't."

"Maxtell can't be trusted," said
Sherwood sharply, "not with a lady.
He never likes the flutter of skirts."

"I know, sir." The man looked wor-
ried.

"Well, get Buckner Belle ready,"
Sherwood ordered, "and I'll go after
them."

As he cantered down to the gate a
boy met him with a telegram. With-
out looking at the address, Sherwood
tore it open, then as a half dozen
words confronted him he saw that it
was not for him, but for Miss Duval.
Her husband was dead, her lawyer
wired, and she must come at once.

In that moment the whole world
changed for Sherwood. He knew that
it was unseemly for him to grow
light hearted because of the death of a
fellow creature. But for her it meant
freedom, for him happiness.

He paid the boy and spurred his
horse to greater speed, and at last he
saw ahead of him Betty on a sturdy
little mare; Dulcie, holding in Maxtell,
who danced along the road in a way
that spelled danger.

And even as Sherwood looked Max-
tell bolted!

And after him, like a shot, went
Buckner Belle.

The big horse was not a match for
the brilliant mare, and presently Sher-
wood was beside Dulcie, his hand on
Maxtell's bridle.

Maxtell, meek as a lamb at the sound
of the well known voice, stopped so
suddenly that Dulcie swayed and slipped
from his back inertly. Sherwood,
dropping the bridle, caught her in his
arms.

"Dulcie," he said impulsively; "Dul-
cie, dear!"

She opened her eyes. "Please," she
said faintly, "let me go. You must
not."

"Hush," he said. "You are not strong
enough to stand alone, and you have
a right here. You are free at last,
dear heart."

Her startled eyes met his. "How?"
she questioned.

"He is dead," he said quietly. "You
are to go to Kentucky this afternoon.
Betty's mother will go with you."

He released her then and went on in
steady tones.

"But you will come back, Dulcie.
When you feel that it is right—you
will come back—to me?"

Betty was pounding down the road
on the sturdy mare. Dulcie looked up
at Sherwood, strong and grave be-
tween the beautiful horses.

"Yes," she said, and suddenly her
face was illumined. "Yes, I will come
back, and you shall paint me—your
Lady of the Lilacs."

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The kind you pay 2.00 for,
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W. F. Frederick Music Co.,
J. J. KING, Retail Manager, Fallowfield Ave.

HERE AND THERE

The school building at East Donora has progressed as far as the frame work. A road has been built extending from the hollow to the new building.

Five school districts of Washington county are liable to lose their site appropriation, if they do not act promptly in sending their financial and statistical reports to County Superintendent L. R. Crumrine.

There are at present 90 persons confined in the county jail. Alexander Wooger, of Meadowlands, is the only person charged with murder, and his trial will take place at the August term of court.

George Boddow, a well-known resident of Houston, and formerly of Canonsburg, was found dead in bed this morning about 7 o'clock at his home. Apoplexy is thought to have been the cause of his death.

During the past few days a number of claims for loss of sheep killed by dogs have been filed with the commissioners of Fayette county and these claims are beginning to pile up pretty high.

After years spent in surveying and mapping out a line over the almost insurmountable Alleghenies, it begins to look like the Wabash railroad will never operate between Pittsburg and Cumberland, a fond hope that was cherished several years ago when Connellsville was the headquarters of the Wabash surveying parties.

It is said that Smithton will soon have electric lights, which will add much to the appearance to the town and in addition a search light will be erected on the highest point of Mule hill, from which point objects can be plainly distinguished as far east as Banning and west to West Newton.

Canonsburg's oldest resident, "Aunt" Margaret McCoby, celebrated her 109th birthday Wednesday by wailing in town from her home in Herdman street, making some purchases, receiving the congratulations of friends, both white and black, and then returning to the hoe, a walk altogether of more than a mile. Mrs. McCoby claims to have been born July 29, 1799, on what is now the McClelland farm in North Strabane township.

Frank A. Pentz, proprietor of the California pharmacy, has been displaying a collection of rare and valuable coins. Mr. Pentz has collected pennies of every year since 1790 up to the present date with the exception of 1793, 1799 and 1804.

Miss Lillian Rosenkrantz, the newly elected principal of the Washington seminary, has arrived in Washington from Newton, N. J., her recent home. Between now and the opening of the seminary in September she will devote some time to work preliminary to that event.

Stockdale, fire-boss for the H. C. Fricke Coke Company at Youngstown, Pa., was given a hearing last evening before Squire H. M. Smurr of New Haven on a charge of violating the State mining laws. The information was made by State Mine Inspector Thomas D. Williams.

Eating Test For Cooks.

In a certain employment agency ten cooks out of a job waited one afternoon last week for a situation to turn up. Presently a well gowned woman who was short of servants applied at the desk for the desired help. The manager referred her to the ten cooks. The woman interviewed each of them in turn with unsatisfactory results.

"Not one of them," she explained to the manager of the agency, "likes to eat the things that we like."

"But what difference does that make?" asked the manager. "They are no doubt good girls for all that."

"Yet they wouldn't suit me," the woman replied decisively. "My family have very pronounced tastes in cookery, and my experience has taught me that only a cook who likes the same dishes that we like can prepare them satisfactorily. That is a matter of simple common-sense. It stands to reason that any dish a cook likes will turn out better than one she doesn't like; consequently I will do the work myself till I find a girl whose tastes agree with ours."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nature and the Barnacle.

In the barnacle we have a unique and wonderful case of a creature that can afford as age comes on to dispense with the eyesight that was so useful in youth. For the young and old barnacle are as different one from the other as fishes from seaweed. In the heyday of life the barnacle swims about the sea, seeking its food with the aid of its eyes and generally leading a roaming existence. Later in life, however, it grows tired of this aimless wandering and settles down to worry ships' captains by attaching itself to the keel of their craft and defying the much advertised powers of various preventive paints. Once, then, the barnacle has become a fixture, whether on ships or sharks, its eyesight is of no more use. It cannot seek its food, and it cannot shun its foes, for it never more will move. Therefore its eyes become superfluous and, according to nature's inviolable rule in such cases, disappear.

WON ON A BLUFF.

The Way One Prosperous Merchant Got His Start in Business.

There is a prosperous merchant in Chicago today who owes his success to his donation of a \$5,000 organ to a church at a time when he didn't have money enough to buy a hand organ. This donation was a case of bluff pure and simple, but the bluff worked and resulted in the subsequent wealth of the lucky bluffer.

John Smith was seeking capital to start in business for himself, but as he had no security worth speaking of he could not borrow the money he needed.

When he had tried every person he could think of who would be likely to have the necessary cash and the inclination to lend it and had been turned down, he conceived the idea of presenting his church with an organ.

Young Napoleon John Smith therefore ordered his organ and allowed the future to look out for itself. The manufacturers of the organ never thought of questioning the financial standing of the philanthropist who was handing out \$5,000 organs and agreed to have the instrument set up in the church on time.

Of course J. Smith was not a bud that was born to blush unseen, nor did he hide his beneficence under a bushel. He managed to bring in at least the flute stops no matter what the subject of conversation. Not only did the young Napoleon advertise himself by means of the church organ, but the pleased minister and the equally pleased congregation spread the news of his gift.

During this time John did not allow any alfalfa to grow under his feet. On the pretense of consulting some wealthy member of the congregation about some minor details of the organ he would drop into an office and before he left casually would mention the subject of the company that he was forming. Most of the men that he thus saw thought that it would be a good thing to be associated with a man who was making so much money that he was able to hand out \$5,000 without missing it, so that all were anxious to take stock in J. Smith's company.

Long before the time came for the first payment on the organ Smith had gathered enough money to start his business and was doing so well he had no difficulty in borrowing the amount needed to make the payment. From that time he has made money so fast that now he could give away several \$5,000 organs and pay for them as well.—Chicago Tribune.

MEXICAN POLITENESS.

In the State of Michoacan Chivalry is Compulsory.

"If any man opines that the days of chivalry and the true knight errant spirit have gone forever, let him start forthwith on a far southward journey, not halt his steps until he brings up in the town of Morelia, which is the capital of the Mexican state of Michoacan," remarked a traveling man.

"Having arrived in Morelia, he will at once see that the chivalrous spirit still survives. I was down there not long ago, and the gallantry of the men and their extreme readiness to extend courtesies to the fair sex pleased and surprised me. When I noticed the alacrity with which the native males jumped up on the crowded street car to offer their seats to the first senorita that entered, I thought to myself how much more gentlemanly are these Mexicans than many of my own countrymen. They do not wait to see if some other man is going to get up, but each tries to beat the other in courteously proffering his seat to the lady."

"I spoke about the matter to the proprietor of the hotel and immediately he began to laugh.

"You must understand, senor," said the lunkeeper, "that the governor of our state issued a decree that if any man keep his seat in a street car, thereby compelling a woman to stand, he is liable to arrest and a fine. The police have been instructed to execute this order severely, and I think this has much to do with the prompt politeness of which you speak, since none of our population wishes to become involved with the police and to be publicly branded as lacking in gentility."—Baltimore American.

She Had Red Burns.

The philanthropic lady was visiting a Glasgow slum and had just been ushered into a house where the good wife was engaged washing. Her endeavor was to elevate the minds of the poor, and she asked, "Have you read Burns?"

In answer the good wife bared her brawny arm and displayed a large red mark, saying: "There's wan I got this morn wi' the steam o' the pot bilin' ower. But, efter a', a burn's aye red!"

Must Have Had Experience.

"Never mind, dear," he said reassuringly as she raised her sweet face from his shoulder and they both saw the white blur on his coat; "it will all brush off."

"Oh, Charlie," she burst out, sobbing, hiding her face again upon his whiter shoulder, "how do you know?"—Somerville Journal.

Both Ways.

Woman—Now that I have fed you, are you going without doing your work? Tramp—Oh couldn't wurruk on an impty stomach, mum, an' Oh alvir wurruk on er full one, so there yes be!—Smart Set.

Making Headway.

Nervous Traveler (to seat companion)—How fast should you say you were traveling? Companion (who has been sitting with the girl across the way)—About a mile a minute.—Life.

WHEN BUSINESS IS DULL

Don't lay down, or in other words quit. A quitter never won a race or even created a favorable opinion

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All our remnants of the last six months have been carefully measured, ticketed and priced in red ink—priced to sell. Remnant sale at this store is always a success, always good for you, but this one must be bigger than ever, not only remnants but all over the store your money will count double. All departments have contributed to this sale and have special offerings at Remnant prices. Don't delay, but get here early—Hundreds of remnants in Dress Goods, Silks, Sheeting, Calicoes, Gingham, Crashes and linens. All at interesting prices—we know you will think so. There'll be a big crowd. Extra clerks to wait on you. Bring your basket, you'll need it.

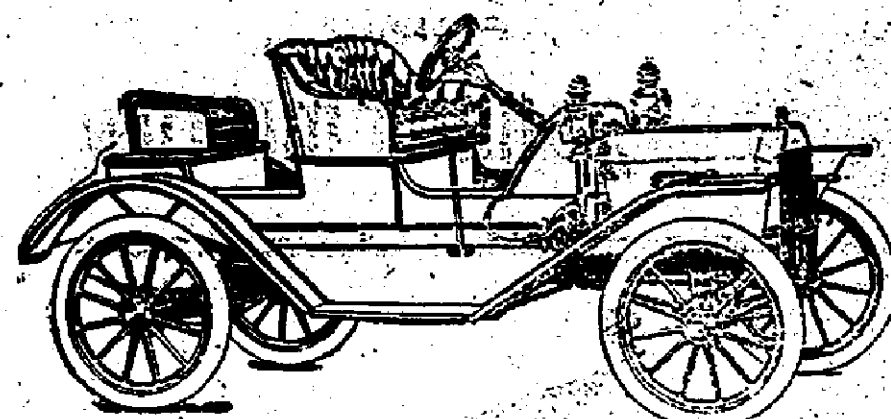
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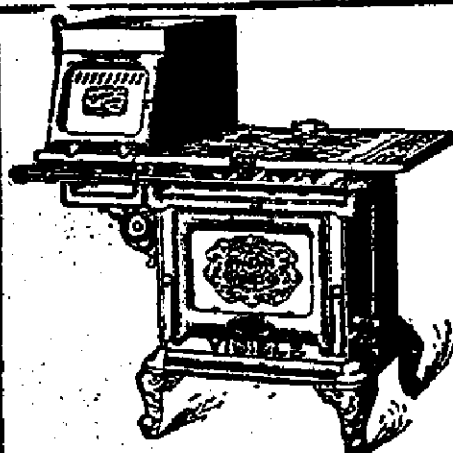
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Personal Mention

M. and Mrs. J. W. Carroll have returned from a visit at Atlantic City.

Mrs. O. F. Wise has returned from a visit at Rice's Landing with friends.

Herman Dague of Donora spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. James Frew and daughter Mildred Lou are spending a few days in Conrellsville with friends.

George Kline and George Barnett were visitors at Washington Sunday.

C. H. Harper is a Pittsburg business visitor today.

W. H. Reese was transacting business in Pittsburg Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Werle were Pittsburg visitors over Sunday.

Howard Hughes of Washington is spending a few days with friends and relatives in Charleroi.

George W. Province and W. C. Storer of Brownsville were calling on friends in Charleroi Sunday.

G. W. Speckman, superintendent Lock No. 1, Pittsburg was calling on friends in Charleroi Saturday.

J. E. Perkins who has been in charge of the Charleroi Employment Agency has relinquished that office.

Mrs. A. B. Brown has returned from a visit in Victoria, British Columbia.

F. E. Bonnell and sister have left for New York City to spend several days.

Mrs. W. P. Speckman of North Charleroi left Saturday for a two weeks vacation at Chautauque and the eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lantz and niece Miss Nettie Kelly left Saturday for Mountain Lake Park, Md., to spend sometime.

Frank Powell and Alex Thompson spent Sunday at the former's home in Mingo.

Miss Cora Hott has returned from a week's visit at Homestead. A friend, Miss Mamie Clutter accompanied her home for a visit.

Wisdom is knowledge, sound judgment and good conduct running together in harness and keeping step.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

FOR SALE—Horse, wagon and harness. Inquire 162 Mail office. 303tf

WANTED—Sewing by the day or week. Children's sewing a specialty. 819 Fallowfield avenue. 294tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

WANTED—10,000 lovers of fresh fish to call or phone your orders to the Merry Widow Fish Market, 312 6th street. R. P. Fitzgerald, Prop. 3051tp

C. E. LANTZ

Successor to Lee Lantz

Dealer in FEED, GRAIN AND HAY

Orders Given Prompt Attention
20 McKean Avenue

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

Entered second class mail at Charleroi, June 15, 1895, according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 8, No. 305

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA. MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1908

One Cent

SHIPMENTS FOR JULY ARE GOOD

The shipment of coal, nut coal and slack through Lock No. 4 during the month of July were heavy in comparison to those of the previous month the total amount being 1,500,000 bushels, yet this is not a record breaker as a monthly shipment but the shipment during the last six days of the month broke all records for daily and weekly shipments. The record shows that during the last week there were shipped 6,371,000 bushels of coal. This is one of the largest weekly shipments on record. While the daily shipments reached in some instances 1,500,000. There were 1375 boats, barges and flats passed down and 1265 up stream, in all there being 1433 loadings made of general merchandise including wire nails, glass and other products. There were over 370 tons shipped, this being products from the Monessen mills and glass from Belle Vernon. Passenger traffic was good and on the increase 3,338 being the total for July both up and down stream. The slight swell in the rivers during last week permitted the most of the coal loaded in the upper pools to pass down in the lower harbors. Just now the coal men are realizing the many benefits derived from the adjustable dams recently completed on the upper Ohio, as by these they are enabled to harbor their coal in those pools ready for shipments to lower river markets and avoid much danger through congestion in line of high water. About all the available craft were pressed into commission during the rise of last week but many boats are laid up now in order of slack shipments. There are but few empties to be loaded except for those for local trade. Steamboat owners are taking advantage of the dull times and are having their boats all put in first class repair in view of the fall and

FOREIGNERS IN CONFLICT, ONE IS NOW DEAD

Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 2.—In a pitched battle between Italians and Slavs at Gates, one of the H.C. Frick Coke company plants near Mason-town, last night, one man was killed, two were probably mortally wounded, while a score of others were injured. The dead man, Antillo Ronco, an Italian, was found lying on the ground and died instantly.

Yesterday was pay day at the Frick plant. The men began drinking and by nightfall were in an ugly mood. For months there has been feeling between the Italians and the Slavs.

Last night the warring factions got beyond control of the authorities and became involved in a riot. Jacob Furanco, leader of the Italian faction, went to a Slav boarding house and defied its 25 inmates. In a few minutes Furanco and Alex Molanski were battling, when Antillo Ronco, another Italian, went to the assistance of the former and this was the signal for a general fight. Antillo Ronco was the first man to fall, with four bullets in his body. On the spot where Ronco died was found a .38-caliber revolver, containing four empty shells and a loaded one.

Tonight the entire crowd was brought into Uniontown and lodged in jail. The state police who were called made the arrests.

WITHIN MONTH TWO PRISONERS FIND WAY OUT

On Saturday night for the second time within a month, an escape was made from the boro lockup. John Leppert who was to be sent to jail to serve a thirty day sentence for larceny, gaining his freedom by a back window route. He tore a couple of iron bars loose and crawled out.

On July 6th, a young fellow of Charleroi who was confined temporarily got away from the place in the same manner, but since that time the window has been fixed as well as possible, but the place cannot be made staunch enough without a new window to resist the efforts of a determined man. The glaring defects of the place is shown by the frequent escapes. There is one character who if put in the rear compartments, and so desires can make his way out nearly every time.

Just a Fish Story.
Forty years ago, when my father was captain of an East India trading ship, while off the coast of Africa near the equator the ship's carpenter was taken sick and died. He was sewed up in canvas, and with him were sewed his kit of tools and grindstone for ballast to sink him. Services were held and the body committed to the sea. Four days later the ship's boy fell overboard, and a great shark came up under the stern and swallowed the boy before he could be reached.

The next day the shark was still following the ship. A shark hook was baited and put over the stern, and the shark was caught, but was so large it could not be taken on board, and they were obliged to shoot him. He looked so plump and large the mate, who was an old whaler, wanted to go over the side and cut the fish open. He was lowered over and cut a hole in the shark and was surprised to hear voices and on looking in saw the ship's boy turning the grindstone for the ship's carpenter, who was sharpening his ax to cut their way out.

My father, who is eighty years old, can vouch for this that it is a fish story.—Boston Journal.

MEETING ON SATURDAY EVENING

The officials of District No. 5, United Mine Workers held a meeting Saturday night in the A. O. H. hall, Monongahela, and definitely decided to hold the Labor Day celebration at Monongahela, on Monday, July 13, which is the first day of the Old Home week there. District President Francis Feehan, and Secretary-Treasurer Donovan were present, and seemed to like very much the idea of opening up the Old Home Week with the Miner's Celebration. It will be made one of the best ever held in this section. A parade will be as usual the main feature. It was thought that the miners would select Monongahela for the celebration, having been invited there, but Saturday the official action was taken.

How Could She Do It?
The homely forms of speech used by the country people with whom little Edith and her mother boarded last summer were frequently very puzzling to the child.

One evening the farmer's wife, in talking for a few minutes with Edith's mother, remarked that, as she was very tired that night, she would "go to roost with the chickens."

When Edith's bedtime arrived a little later the youngster was nowhere to be found. After considerable search she was discovered sitting on a large stone near the chicken house, quietly watching the fowl as they came in one by one.

"Edith," called her mother, "what are you doing there? I've been looking for you everywhere; it's time to go to bed."

"I know, mother," was the reply, "but they're nearly all in now, so she'll be here soon, I guess."

"Who are in and who will be there? What on earth are you talking about, child?" asked the mystified mother.

"Why," explained Edith, rather impatiently, "you know Mrs. — said she was going to roost with the chickens tonight, and I'm waiting to see how she does it."

A Chinese Superstition.
When a Chinese baby takes a nap people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk perhaps. If the nap is a very long one the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never awaken. Sometimes men are sent out into the streets to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping along after them.

A Fox's Stratagem.
A fox is bound to be a thief whenever he has half a chance to steal, says London Answers. He can no more help taking a goose than a badly trained cat can help taking a chop from the larder. There was a tame fox that was chained in a yard to keep him out of mischief, but he soon hit upon a plan for seizing a stray duck or fowl. At the very farthest point to which his chain would reach he used to place a portion of his food and then hide himself in his kennel. In due course a silly chicken was sure to spy the bait and begin pecking at it. Before it had had time to enjoy its meal, however, the fox would pounce upon it and the stock of poultry be reduced by one.

When Not to Smoke.
It is quite certain that much may be done to diminish the risk of tobacco amblyopia by paying attention to certain points of personal hygiene. For instance, a rule should be made never to smoke upon an empty stomach, but as far as possible only after meals. It is absolutely bad to smoke before dinner and equally bad to smoke late at night to keep awake at one's work. It should also be forbidden to chew the cigar between the teeth, as many smokers are wont to do.—Hospital.

Why, Indeed?
The five-year-old son was asking his father some severe questions about a recent question of the day.

"That baby likes me," said the youngster sharply.

"Oh, yes, he likes your ma," said his father, "but he likes me too."

Thereupon the five-year-old from whom great things were expected exclaimed:

"Take you? Then why don't he cry when he looks at you?"—Chicago News.

COKERS WIN LAST GAME OF SERIES

Connellsville, in the third and last game of the series, won from Charleroi Saturday by a grand stand finish, getting three runs in the eighth inning after Charleroi had seemingly clinched the game.

Cokers was a little wild at the outset and it was not until late in the game that he got going well. The Cherubs were able to glean ten bingles of his delivery. Willis Humphries, who pitched for Charleroi allowed but seven safeties.

Charleroi scored in the first, second and third, Blanchard's wildness allowing liberties in the way of tickets to the first cushion. In these sessions he walked two men and hit the same lumber, a score being made each of three innings by a man that he had granted privileges, or tried to stave in the ribs.

The Cokers scored one in the fourth on two hits, one a double. In the eighth they scored three. After Sweeney was out Blanchard popped and Dunn misjudged it, the pitcher taking first. Price singled and was forced by Ellam at second. Birmingham singled over the infield, Blanchard scoring, and Calhoun scored Ellam and Birmingham on a hit, through short. Score:

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, 1.....	1	3	2	0	0
Dunn, 3.....	0	1	3	4	1
Price, 2.....	0	1	0	0	0
Here, m.....	0	0	0	0	0
Cosgrove, 2.....	0	0	0	0	0
Ellam, 1.....	0	0	0	0	0
Heinz, 1.....	0	2	10	0	0
Calley, c.....	1	1	6	0	1
Bousier, 3.....	0	1	2	1	0
Ham's p.....	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	3	10	24	10	2

CONNELLVILLE	R	H	P	A	E
Price, 2.....	0	1	1	2	0
Ellam, s.....	1	0	5	5	1
Birmingham, 3.....	1	1	2	4	0
Calhoun, 1.....	1	3	1	2	0
Francis, m.....	0	1	0	0	0
Tiffany, 1.....	0	0	12	1	0
Wallace, r.....	0	0	1	0	1
Sweeney, c.....	0	1	5	0	0
Blanchard p.....	1	0	0	4	0
Totals	4	7	27	13	2

Connellsville.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 3 "4
Charleroi.....1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 "3
Two-base hits—Calhoun 2, Nally. Sacrifice hits—Cosgrove, W. Humphries. Stolen bases—Birmingham, Calhoun. Nally. Double plays—Calhoun and Sweeney; Price, Ellam and Tiffany; Dunn and Heinz. Base on balls—Off Blanchard, 3 off Humphries. Struck out—by Blanchard 2, by Humphries 4. Umpire—McGeary.

DISCUSSION OVER PENSIONING RELATIVES

There is considerable discussion of the situation in which the late fatality at Gettysburg leaves surviving relatives of the three members of the National Guard of Pennsylvania who lost their lives at the Gettysburg encampment during the progress of the electric storm on the Thursday night of the encampment. Under the state law no provision is made either for pensioning a member of the National Guard who is disabled while in the line of duty, for pensioning his surviving parents or wife in the event of his death under circumstances like that at Gettysburg. It is contended that something ought to be done to provide a remedy for this defect and the matter is pretty certain to be called to the attention of the next legislature.

"The kind your Grandfather used" and he was of rare judgment. Profit by his experience and use Old I. W. Harper whiskey. Sold by W. H. Zellers. 3052 twf.

John.
The late Mrs. James A. Johns of 211 Fallowfield avenue, died at the home this morning at 10:15 o'clock of a complication of diseases. Funeral arrangements later.

Thomas and John McDermott of Kennell were over Sunday visitors in Charleroi with friends.

ACROSS CONTINENT BY FOOT; TO STOP IN THIS PLACE

Christian Dannebaum, a sturdy pedestrian of Newark, N. J., will probably arrive in Charleroi tonight or tomorrow morning, on a walking tour from Newark to San Francisco. He will go from there by boat to the Philippines. Dannebaum is an Elk and one of the objects of his trip is to visit the Elks' club along his route. He arrived in Uniontown Saturday and left there this morning on his way west, coming from there to Brownsville, and Charleroi, where he will call on Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, then to Monessen, Monongahela, McKeesport, Braddock and Pittsburgh.

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Lived to Fight Another Day.

Frederick the Great simply lost his head at Molwitz, his first battle. Had he not been a king it is safe to say that he would have been shot at the next sunrise. In the heat of the carnage he got an idea that the army under his command was being overwhelmed, so he put the spurs to his horse and dashed headlong among his soldiers. He rode many miles before he stopped in his wild flight. Late at night he was discovered hiding in an old mill, awaiting, as he thought, capture by the enemy. Then he discovered that the army he deserted had won the battle. As Frederick was a prince, everybody tried to forget the incident just as quickly as possible, and after that, when the king went to war, he was just as brave as any other soldier.

On the Verge of Prostration.
"What else have you got?" asked Cholly, looking languidly over the bill of fare for something to tempt his jaded appetite.

"Well," replied the waitress, "we have hot biscuits too."

"That'll do," said Cholly, resting his intellect by tossing the bill of fare aside. "Bring me a hot biscuit stew."

—Chicago Tribune.

Rebuttal Testimony.

The Guest—Isn't your little boy rather nervous, Mrs. Bim? Mrs. Bim—No; I think not. Little Boy—Yes, I am, ma; when people who come here stay too long it makes me wriggle around and kick my chair.

Badly Expressed.

In Grant-Duff's "Notes From a Diary" it is told that when Landseer, the great animal painter, was presented to the king of Portugal his majesty said: "Ah, I am so glad to see you! I always like beasts!"

Compromise.

Customer (in bookstore)—Let me have a copy of "Antony and Cleopatra." Clerk—Yes, sir; \$1. please. Customer—Dear me, I've only got 50 cents. Just give me Antony!—Harper's Weekly.

A Pocket Symphony.

"My piano is very much like my trousers pockets. When my wife goes into them she often finds nothing but keys, and then there is music."—New York Globe.

SIX ITALIANS ARRESTED BY SINGLE MAN

Six Italians by the names of Pete Chaser, Peter Flocharge, Dominick Bornan, John Charge Sovevio De-Criai, and Charles Porcell, will have a hearing before Squire Watkins, of Monessen, on a charge of disorderly conduct and being suspicious characters, and latter three for carrying concealed weapons. The men were taken sin handed from Rostraver to Monessen last evening by Donato Buto, a young Italian, and turned over to the police. DeCrisai had a knife in his possession of immense size.

Young Buto was out for a walk toward Rostraver last evening about 5 o'clock. At that place he noticed an Italian, who later developed to be Porcell, chasing a woman over the mills at a fast pace. Things did not look right to Buto, who laid a trap for the man, but instead of getting just the one captured six. Turning them over to the Monessen police he made information before Squire Watkins where the hearing will be held.

BROWNSVILLE FOREIGN BANK CLOSED SATURDAY

Brownsville, Pa., August 2.—foreign bank operated here by Joseph Mayerchak was closed yesterday by Constable Alex Labin and three charges of embezzlement were lodged against the banker. The amount of his alleged defalcations is not definitely known. The charges were made by three of Mayerchak's depositors. He was taken before Justice of the Peace J. I. Ross and waived a hearing in each instance. He furnished bail in each of the three cases against him to the total aggregating \$2,400.

The announcement that the bank had been closed brought a number of angry foreigners to the town and this caused a flutter of excitement for a short time. Justice Ross said he believed matters were shaping up in such a manner that the cases against Mayerchak would be settled and inflections withdrawn.

Received Government Appointment.

The many friends of C. B. Copeland will be pleased to know that he has received and accepted a position with the United States Engineers and for the present will be located at Braddock on the U. S. Steamboat Slackwater, the appointment being confirmed by Supt. George S. Nutt on Saturday. Mr. Copeland left today to enter upon his duties.

The 12-year-old son of C. M. Short, of Noblestown literally faced death yesterday afternoon when a horse was riding jumped against a freight train. The horse was killed and young Short was thrown to the ground. Aside from a few cuts and bruises he escaped uninjured.

This year's town picnic, which is scheduled for Wednesday, Aug. 19, is going to the greatest Belle Vernon has ever had. Every committee is now down to hard work, and next week it may be possible to announce the program of events. This bill consist of races and various other sports.

An Established Custom—Banking by Mail.

Banking By Mail has become an established custom among our depositors. It is not only the people of Charleroi and nearby towns that have taken advantage of the convenience, safety and profit afforded by an account with the First National Bank of Charleroi, but people from all parts of Pennsylvania do their Banking with Us By Mail. Write to us—and we will write to you—will send you full particulars about Banking By Mail.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

First National Bank

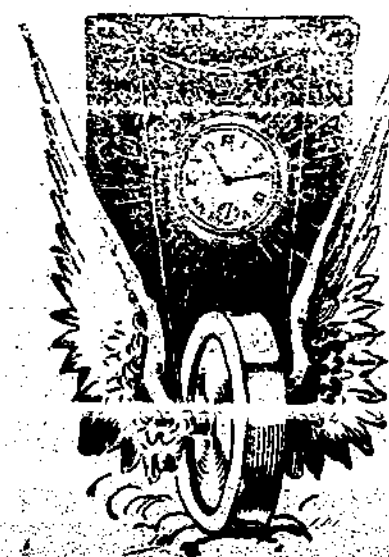
Charleroi, Pa.

Open from 8 to 9 P. M. On Saturdays

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania

J. E. Toner, Pres. F. B. Newton, Vice-Pres. B. H. Root, Cashier

You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us By Mail



EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING

Also Jewelry, Clocks, Talkie Machines, Revolvers and Unbrakes

All Work is Guaranteed That is Done at

JOHN E. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler

215 Main St. (2nd Floor) Charleroi, Pa. 108

Store Closed at 4 P. M. Every Evening Excepting Sundays

THE CHARLOI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper.
Published Daily Except Sunday by
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
222 McKean Ave.,
Charlottesville, Va.

FOR P. SLOAN, President
S. W. SHARP, Sec'y & Treas.
HARRY E. PRICE, Business Manager

Entered in the Post Office at Charlottesville, Va.,
second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, \$3.00
Six Months, \$1.50
Three Months, .75
All subscriptions payable in advance.
Delivered by carrier in Charlottesville at six
cents per week.
Communications of public interest and
news items, but as an evidence of good
will, and not necessarily for publication,
are invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES
Bell 76 Charlottesville 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press-
Association

Advertising Rates

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first
insertion. Rates for large space con-
tracts made known on application.
READING NOTICES—Such as
business locals, notices of meetings,
travels, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official
and similar advertising, including
that in settlement of estates, public
sales, live stock and estate notices,
bank notices, notices to teachers, 10
cents per line, first insertion, 5 cents
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Micht, Charlottesville
Clyde Collins, Speers
H. Duoley, Duquesne
Rustave Clements, Lock No. 4

Unrest.

What is the cause of the present
great unrest among the people not only
in the United States, but all over the
World? Go where you will there you
will find a struggle going on between
the people and their governments to
not only strip autocracy of its abso-
lutism, but here in America, democ-
racy is restless, chafing under the
restraints of representative government
and fired with a desire to seize the
reins of government and place them
into their own hands.

Run the gamut of the eight political
platform from that of the Re-
publican which closely conforms to
the principles upon which the Re-
public was founded, fostered and grew
the mightiest on earth to that of
Socialism and Bolshevism through them
all there runs a vein of discontent
with present methods of conducting
the affairs of Nation State city and
county.

Where there is so much smoke there
is bound to be some fire and whatever
fire there is will not be quenched with
words, but with deeds. The present
patient examination has revealed
the causes. The old Greenback party
was but a spasmodic affair never-
theless paved the way for the pres-
ent party divisions and the Populism
which was born in the last
century means to end representative
government.

Were all of these radical elements
to sink minor differences and meet
the leadership of a strong and
man, they have votes enough
to the struggle for supremacy
titanic proportions and cause
the friends of the Republic to tremble
for the result. As it is, these radical
elements have sloughed off into small
factions, each arrayed against the other
and in their accusations of the motives
actuating each furnish the reasons
why none of them should be entrusted
with power.

Until those people learn to com-
promise upon unessential matters and
sink their personal ambitions and an-
tagonisms, they will never even serious-
ly challenge the supremacy of the Re-
publican party regardless of how much
right and justice exists in their loud
complaints.

Where He Comes In.

It has been a source of a little, very
little of course, speculation as to what
business it is to the microcosm on the
narrow independent whether there is
a bridge between Washington and
state counties. There is a truism
public affair to the effect that
what is everybody's business is no-
body's business, and as that editor
conforms to the specification of "no-
body's business" it is not his right to
interfere with his somnolent
gaffe and flatulent gabble on the peo-
ple.

If he would cease writing like a
saw talker when his mouth is filled with
dog and hominy, and confine his men-

tal throes to jeering at "false hips and
hair," his word convulsions might,
possibly, be understood, for they would
then be on a subject upon which he
claims to be an authority and the users
thereof might be frightened into cease-
using such seductions and snares to
entrap the gullible and unsophisticat-
ed youth into the joys and sorrows of
matrimony.

On Saturday he had what is thought
he intended as a thing to utterly wipe
Charlottesville from the map, but as the
town is still here and people going
placidity about their business, there
must have been some miscalculation on
his part about his mental eruption be-
ing of the earthquake order. What
he thought was a thunderbolt was
only the explosions caused from over-
loading his stomach with beans and
the noise trifled himself.

—Thus

We dismiss the little cuss

Will Be A Success

Of course, our neighbor, Monon-
gahela, could not be permitted to go
on in its own way and at its own ex-
pense and hold a reunion of its former
residents without some of the tribe of
Bartinski inserting his embeccle ad-
vertising in the paper, but the reasons
crushing reasons why it should not be
held.

In all of these cases, the opposition
does not contribute, not even their
presence and are not interested one
way or another and can neither help
nor hinder yet with a gravity worthy
of an Augur they perpetrate a criticism
the only effect of which is to expose
their mental poverty. As the whirl-
ing of time provides a day even for
the most insignificant, it can fairly
be presumed that some of them are
using their day in objecting to that in
which they have no interest.

Extensive inquiry reveals that the
gala week in Monongahela will be one
of unalloyed pleasure. That city has
thousands of sons and daughters
throughout the land who have the love
and affection for the place where they
were born which none but the wicked
ever lose and that they will return to
that place with the fondest antici-
pations is not to be doubted and as they
once more look upon familiar scenes,
they will exclaim with FitzGreene
Halleck, "My own green land, for-
ever."

Looks Black.

The Drug Store Dynasty is holding
little meetings celebrating itself on
the manner in which its tentacles have
temporarily side tracked the free
bridge. In its factory it does not dis-
cern that it has dug its own political
grave.

Among the Exchanges

In some sections of the state the
health officers are making a careful
inspection of the various soda water
fountains. They inquire into the
method of manufacturing the syrups
as well as the cleanliness of the foun-
tain. This is an excellent idea. Per-
haps the health officers will also give
a gentle hint to those grocers who
permit flies to have free access to ber-
ries and vegetables, thus endangering
the health of their customers. It
would not require a very large amount
of exertion upon the part of those who
supply the public with food to comply
with the ordinary suggestions of
cleanliness. Berries should not be
exposed to the visitations of flies at
any time. They are among the most
persistent carriers of disease and
death.—Altoona Tribune.

The school officials of Fayette
county are convinced that the assess-
ors have made some very big mistakes
in the assessment of school children
in the various townships of that
county. According to the lists there
are 24,586 children of school age in
the whole of Fayette, while last
year's returns showed a school popu-
lation of 26,919—an apparent decrease
of 2,333. Nobody in Fayette county
believes these figures are correct, but
unless the school directors of the sev-
eral townships and townships go to the
trouble of providing for a special
enumeration, the county will lose a
part of the state appropriation justly
coming to it. We cannot under-
stand why there should be any special
difficulty in securing a reasonably ac-
curate enumeration of the children of
any given locality.

T. J. Reeves and Floyd Chalfant
were over Sunday visitors in Pittsburg
and Tarentum.

P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.

	W	L	Pct.
Uniontown.....	49	28	.640
Clarksburg.....	52	34	.605
Charlottesville.....	36	39	.494
Connellsville.....	37	38	.494
Fairmont.....	37	49	.430
Grafton.....	27	49	.360

Saturday's Results.

Connellsville.....	4	Charlottesville.....	3
Uniontown.....	4	Clarksburg.....	1
Grafton.....	9	Fairmont.....	3

Yesterday's Results.

Connellsville.....	5	Fairmont.....	6
Clarksburg.....	9	Grafton.....	7

Games Today

Uniontown at Connellsville	
Connellsville at Fairmont	
Clarksburg at Grafton	

IRVING AND MONTAGUE

One of Those Practical Jokes That
Scared Their Friends.

In Scott's True Life of Yesterday
and Today, the author tells of a prac-
tical joke played by Henry Irving and
Harry Montague upon a number of
their friends, and in its execution was
seen the first dawn of the grimace of that
tragic force that was ultimately to find
expression in Hood's "Dream of Eugene
Arms" and "The Bells." Irving and
Montague, hitherto the best allies, be-
gan to quarrel on their way to a picnic,
and their friends feared some tragic
consequences. After luncheon both of
the men disappeared.

Smale's face turned deadly pale. He
felt that his worst fears were being
realized. With one wild cry, "They're
gone—what on earth has become of
them?" he made a dash down the Dar-
gle over the rocks and boulders, with
the remainder of the picnic party at his
heels.

At the bottom of a "dreadful hollow
behind the little wood" a fearful sight
presented itself to the astonished
friends. There on a stone sat Henry
Irving in his shirt sleeves, his long hair
matted over his eyes, his thin hands
and white face smeared with blood,
and dangling an open clasp knife.

He was muttering to himself in a
savage tone, "I've done it, I've done it,
I said I would, I said I would."

Tom Smale in an agony of fear
rushed up to Irving, who waved him
on one side with threatening gestures.
"For God's sake, man," screamed the
distracted Smale, "tell us where he is!"
Irving, scarcely moving a muscle,
pointed to a heap of dead leaves and
in sepulchral tones cried: "He's there—
there! I've done for him! I've mur-
dered him!"

Smale literally bounded to the heap
and began finging aside the leaves in
every direction. Presently he found
the body of Harry Montague lying face
downward. Almost paralyzed with
fear, Smale just managed to turn the
head round and found Montague con-
vulsed with laughter, with a pocket
handkerchief in his mouth to prevent
an explosion. Never was better acting
seen on any stage.

FOODS OF ITALY.

Specialties of the Friggitrice in Naples
and Genoa.

Huge meaty chestnuts are found ev-
erywhere in Italy. Peeled and boiled in
a reddish broth seasoned with laurel
leaves and caraway seeds, the nuts
are palatable. About two dozen of the
large kernels are sold for a penny. In
both Genoa and Naples the friggitrice
are interesting, and some of the spe-
cialties are well worth a try. One
can forget the unappetizing appear-
ance of cooks and cooking appliances.
One friggitrice attracts attention to a
tray of golden balls she piles in a
pyramid. The golden balls are arti-
choke. They are boiled in salted wa-
ter until tender and are put in a pan
over steam to keep them hot until a
customer appears. For threepence the
vender will take one from the steam-
pan, dry it, dip it into batter and
pop it into the hot oil. A moment
later a golden brown ball, delicious
and crispy on the outside and tender
and succulent on the inside, is handed
to the purchaser. The frying is man-
aged in such a way that when the
fritters are taken from the kettle they
are very hot, but so dry on the outside
that they scarcely soil the fingers when
eaten from the hand. Another frig-
gitrice specialty is that of cheese balls.
They are made of paste filled with
grated cheese and fried. Mashed chest-
nuts, rice, chopped chicken and many
vegetables are used to vary the fillings
for the popular frittos. Some of the
frying kettles are portable, and the
friggitrice have regular routes like the
milkmen, where they tap at the base-
ment door, get their orders, take their
tiny bellows and blow up the char-
coal until it glows and then cook the
breakfast of meat balls or rice cakes
or artichokes, which are sent in bot-
tles.—Leslie's Weekly.

Qualified.

Figure eclipses, calculate the distances
between various stars, fix the orbits of
certain comets and, in fact, be a sort
of handy mathematical man around the
house. What are your qualifications?
Applicant (proudly)—All last year, sir,
I was the official score-keeper for a
woman's bridge club.—Life.

The Lady of The Lilacs.

By Philip Kean.

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Literary Press

Sherwood called her "The Lady of
the Lilacs" because always on spring
days there was a bunch of lilacs on
her desk, offerings from the girls to a
best loved teacher.

"You simply can't help loving her,"
Betty Baynes said to Sherwood in her
emphatic young girl way. "You simply
can't help it, Uncle Jack."

"I don't see," Uncle Jack ventured
"where her particular charm comes in."

"She's so sweet," Betty analyzed,
"and dainty—and—and—sad"—Betty
was getting into deep water. "Anyhow,
she's lovely."

Sherwood always called for his niece
after school and drove her out to Sher-
wood farm, where Betty and her wid-
owed mother made their home with
him. The farm was beyond the town—
a great place, with great barns, where
were housed the beautiful horses that
had made the farm famous.

As he sat in the trap waiting he
could look right into the windows of
the room where Miss Duval taught,
and he could see her sitting at her
desk, with the great bunch of lilacs
making a background.

"Look here," he said to Betty one
afternoon as they drove away in the
stables, "I'd like to paint her just
that way."

"What way?" asked Betty.
"Paint Miss Duval—just her head
and shoulders—against a background of
lilac blooms, with a curve of gold in-
cluding it like a halo."

"Oh, Uncle Jack," Betty's face was
beaming. "It would be beautiful!"

"I'd call it 'The Lady of the Lilacs.'"
Sherwood planned. "By George, Betty,
I believe it would be the best thing
I've done."

But "The Lady of the Lilacs" when
approached refused to be painted. "Oh,
please tell Mr. Sherwood," she said
breathlessly, "that I couldn't think of
such a thing. I am sure he can find a
better model, Betty."

"He can't," Betty said obstinately.
"Please please, Miss Duval."
The little teacher shook her head.
"Don't insist, dear," she said. "I really
cannot."

"Now what do you think of that,
Uncle Jack," said Betty, almost in
tears, as they drove away that night.

"I don't know what to think," said
Sherwood. "I hate to give up the idea."
"Well, don't give it up," Betty said.
"You know you always get your own
way when you want it, Uncle Jack."

"Yes, I do," said Sherwood thought-
fully.

Several days later when Betty came
out of the school arm in arm with the
little teacher Sherwood met them at
the door.

"Won't you let us drive you home,
Miss Duval?" he urged. "We will go
the long way round, and it will do you
good."

Miss Duval hesitated. "Oh, yes, be-
gan but Betty interrupted. "Of course
you'll go. You've never driven behind
the Buckner team and they are such
beauties."

It developed that Miss Duval was
from Kentucky and that she loved
horses. "I used to ride a great deal
out there," she admitted.

"Why don't you ride now?" Sher-
wood demanded. "We have a half doz-
en ladies' mounts in the stables that
are growing fat and lazy for want of
exercise."

"I haven't a habit," Miss Duval de-
murred.

"I have two," Betty announced
promptly, "and you can wear one."

On Saturday Miss Duval in Betty's
covert cloth habit and three cornered
hat and mounted on Hulda Buckner
was a transformed creature.

"I thought she was pretty," was
Sherwood's mental comment, "but, by
Jove, she's a beauty!"

And more and more he yearned to
paint her.

To that end he paid her most de-
voted attention, and it became a regu-
lar thing for the little teacher to spend
the week ends at Sherwood farm. Bet-
ty's mother found her charming.

"I am glad to have Betty under her
influence," she told her brother. "She
is a lady to her finger tips."

"Yes," Sherwood agreed moodily.
"But I wish she would let me paint her
as 'The Lady of the Lilacs.'"

His sister stared indignantly. "I
don't believe you ever look at a woman
except from the standpoint of art."

Sherwood laughed. "I don't fall in
love easily, if that is what you mean,"
he said and shrugged his shoulders and
went on.

That afternoon he sauntered down
to the end of the big garden where
Dulcie Duval was pouring tea. The
little table was set under a lilac bush,
and the fragrance of the blossoms
filled the air.

Betty, on the other side of the bush,
was playing tennis with a boy from
town. Mrs. Baynes had been called to
the house, and Sherwood was alone
with the Lilac Lady.

"I wish you would let me paint
your picture," he said to her.

"No," she said slowly. "I am not
sure that I like the idea of my pic-
ture hanging in a gallery for the pub-
lic to gaze at."

"Dulcie," Sherwood urged, "you
should not keep beauty hidden."

"I am not beautiful," she said quiet-
ly. She leaned back in the big wicker
chair. Her face was very pale, and
there were shadows under her eyes.
Behind her the lilacs tossed their pale
purple plumes in the spring breeze.

"I am not beautiful," she repeated.

"But I think I ought to tell you why
I do not want my picture placed be-
fore the public."

"It was such a simple little tale. She
was married. That was the fact; that
was borne in upon him with stunning
force. Her husband had been her
father's choice, not her own."

"We were rich," she explained, "but
after my father's death my husband
spent everything we had, and I was
very unhappy. So I ran away and
took my maiden name. And that is
why I do not want my picture to ap-
pear. I do not want him to find me
ever."

She said it vehemently, with a little
flush on her cheeks. "My father said
love would come," she went on hur-
riedly, "but it did not. I felt for
Betty's sake I ought to tell you. It's
such unpleasant history that you
might not care to have me with her so
much."

Sherwood hung up his head. Sud-
denly it seemed to him that there was
nothing that he so much wished to do
as to shelter her from misfortune.

"Betty will always be lonely by your
presence, as we all are—as we
shall always be," he said, and she
smiled at him and held out her hand.

"Somehow I felt that I had found a
friend," she said simply. "That is why
you would understand."

That afternoon Sherwood went for a
long ride on his favorite horse, Max-
telli, and during that ride he fought a
battle. Now that Dulcie Duval was
out of reach she seemed the most desir-
able thing in the world. Indeed, from
the first moment she had been desir-
able but he had for the most part
blind the lover. He had made himself
think that it was her picture not her-
self, that he wanted.

And now that he knew that he loved
her he felt that he must go away—
back to Paris to the studio—to the
dreams that had of late been partially
submerged in his practical plans for
Sherwood farm.

When he came back that night, Betty
met him on the porch.

"We are going for a ride early in the
morning," she said, "Miss Duval and I,
and I want you to go with us."

"Not tomorrow, Bettykins," he de-
murred. "I've got a lot of things to
do. I am planning to spend the sum-
mer in Paris."

Betty's dismayed exclamation brought
his sister and Miss Duval.

"He's going away," Betty cried, "and
he doesn't know when he will come
back."

And Sherwood, watching the face of
the Lady of the Lilacs, saw a glow
pale, and his heart leaped at the
thought that she cared.

In the early morning from his bed-
room window he saw them ride away.
Five minutes later he was at the
stables. "How does it happen that
Miss Duval is riding Maxtelli?" he de-
manded of a groom.

"Hulda is lame," said the man, "and
Miss Duval insisted on riding Maxtelli.
We tried to get her to have one of the
other mounts but she wouldn't."

"Maxtelli can't be trusted," said
Sherwood sharply. "Not with a lady.
He never likes the flutter of skirts."

"I know, sir." The man looked wor-
ried.

"Well, get Buckner. Belle ready
Sherwood ordered, and I'll go with
them."

As he cantered down to the gate a
boy met him with a telegram. With
out looking at the address, Sherwood
tore it open, then as a hand-drawn
words confronted him he saw that it
was not for him, but for Miss Duval.
Her husband was dead, her lawyer
wired, and she must come at once.

In that moment the "lady" world
changed for Sherwood. He knew that
it was unseemly for him to grow
light hearted because of the death of a
fellow creature. But for her a man's
freedom, for his happiness.

He paid the boy and spurred his
horse on. He sped, and at last he
saw ahead of him Betty on a sturdy
little mare, Dulcie, holding in Maxtelli,
who danced along the road in a way
that spelled danger.

And even as Sherwood looked Max-
telli bolted.

And after him, like a shot, went
Buckner Belle.

The big horse was not a match for
the brilliant mare, and presently Sher-
wood was beside Dulcie, his hand on
Maxtelli's bridle.

Maxtelli, meek as a lamb at the sound
of the well known voice, stopped so
suddenly that Dulcie swayed and slip-
ped from his back. Sherwood,
dropping the bridle, caught her in his
arms.

"Dulcie," he said impulsively. "Dul-
cie, dear!"

She opened her eyes. "Please," she
said faintly, "let me go. You must
not."

"Hush," he said. "You are not strong
enough to stand alone, and you have
a right here. You are free at last,
dear heart."

Her startled eyes met his. "How?"
she questioned.

"He is dead," he said quietly. "You
are to go to Kentucky this afternoon.
Betty's mother will go with you."

He released her then and went on in
steady tones.

"But you will come back, Dulcie.
When you feel that it is right—you
will come back—to me?"

Betty was pounding down the road
on the sturdy mare. Dulcie looked up
at Sherwood, strong and grave be-
tween the beautiful horses.

"Yes," she said, and suddenly her
face was illumined. "Yes, I will come
back, and you shall paint me—your
'Lady of the Lilacs.'"

What Did You Think of the Wedding?

Was I nervous?

"Well, a little at first, dear, but not
after Reggie had said 'I will.'—Reg-
gie's Weekly.

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in button or lace, regular 3.50 and 4.00 shoes,
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with double soles, in tan and black, regular 2.50
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in tan, black or green, worth 3.00 and 3.50, sale
price,

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in tan only, regular 2.50 and 3.00 shoes, sale
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made by Rice & Hutcheson the kind you pay
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sale price,

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A. Beigel

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J. J. KING, Retail Manager, Fallowfield Ave.

HERE AND THERE

The school building at East Donora has been built extending from the hollow to the new building.

Five school districts of Washington county are liable to lose their site appropriation if they do not act promptly in sending their financial and statistical reports to County Superintendent L. R. Crumrine.

There are at present 90 persons confined in the county jail. Alexander Wooger, of Meadowlands, is the only person charged with murder, and his trial will take place at the August term of court.

George Beddow, a well-known resident of Houston, and formerly of Canonsburg, was found dead in bed this morning about 7 o'clock at his home. Apoplexy is thought to have been the cause of his death.

During the past few days a number of claims for loss of sheep killed by dogs have been filed with the commissioners. Claims are beginning to pile up pretty high.

After years spent in surveying and mapping out a line over the almost insurmountable Alleghenies, it begins to look like the Wabash railroad will never operate between Pittsburg and Cumberland, a fond hope that was cherished several years ago when Connellsville was the headquarters of the Wabash surveying parties.

It is said that Smithton will soon have electric lights, which will add much to the appearance to the town and in addition a search light will be erected on the highest point of Mule hill, from which point objects can be plainly distinguished as far east as Banning and west to West Newton.

Canonsburg's oldest resident, "Aunt" Margaret McCoby, celebrated her 109th birthday Wednesday by wailing in town from her home in Herdman street, making some purchases, receiving the congratulations of friends, both white and black, and then returning to the hoe, a walk altogether of more than a mile. Mrs. McCoby claims to have been born July 29, 1784, on what is now the McClelland farm in North Strabane township.

Frank A. Pentz, proprietor of the California pharmacy, has been displaying a collection of rare and valuable coins. Mr. Pentz has collected pennies of every year since 1790 up to the present date with the exception of 1793, 1799 and 1804.

Miss Lillian Rosenkranz, the newly elected principal of the Washington seminary, has arrived in Washington from Newton, N. J., her recent home. Between now and the opening of the seminary in September she will devote some time to work preliminary to that event.

Stockdale, fire boss for the H. C. Fricke Coke Company at Youngstown, Pa., was given a hearing last evening before Squire H. M. Smurr of New Haven on a charge of violating the state mining laws. The information was made by State Mine Inspector Thomas D. Williams.

Eating Test For Cooks.

In a certain employment agency ten cooks out of a job waited one afternoon last week for a situation to turn up. Presently a well-gowned woman who was short of servants applied at the desk for the desired help. The manager referred her to the ten cooks. The woman interviewed each of them in turn with unsatisfactory results.

"Not one of them," she explained to the manager of the agency, "likes to eat the things that we like."

"But what difference does that make?" asked the manager. "They are no doubt good girls for all that."

"Yet they wouldn't suit me," the woman replied decisively. "My family have very pronounced tastes in cookery, and my experience has taught me that only a cook who likes the same dishes that we like can prepare them satisfactorily. That is a matter of simple common sense. It stands to reason that any dish a cook likes will turn out better than one she doesn't like; consequently I will do the work myself till I find a girl whose tastes agree with ours."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nature and the Barnacle.

In the barnacle we have a unique and wonderful case of a creature that can afford as age comes on to dispense with the eyesight that was so useful in youth. For the young and old barnacle are as different one from the other as fishes from seaweed. In the heyday of life the barnacle swims about the sea, seeking its food with the aid of its eyes and generally leading a roaming existence. Later in life, however, it grows tired of this aimless wandering and settles down to worry ships' captains by attaching itself to the keel of their craft and defying the most advanced weapons of warfare. Once, then, the barnacle has become a fixture, whether on ships or shores, its eyesight is of no more use. It cannot seek its food, and it cannot shut its eyes, for it never more will move. Therefore its eyes become superfluous and, according to nature's inviolable rule, it casts them away.

WON ON A BLUFF.

The Way One Prosperous Merchant Got His Start in Business.

There is a prosperous merchant in Chicago today who owes his success to his donation of a \$5,000 organ to a church at a time when he didn't have money enough to buy a hand organ. This donation was a case of bluff pure and simple, but the bluff worked and resulted in the subsequent wealth of the lucky bluffer.

John Smith was seeking capital to start in business for himself, but as he had no security worth speaking of he could not borrow the money he needed.

When he had tried every person he could think of who would be likely to have the necessary cash and the inclination to lend it and had been turned down, he conceived the idea of presenting his church with an organ.

Young Napoleon John Smith therefore ordered his organ and allowed the future to look out for itself. The manufacturers of the organ never thought of questioning the financial standing of the philanthropist who was handing out \$5,000 organs and agreed to have the instrument set up in the church on time.

Of course J. Smith was not a bud that was born to bluish unseen, nor did he hide his benevolence under a bush. He managed to bring in at least the flute stops no matter what the subject of conversation. Not only did the young Napoleon advertise himself by means of the church organ, but the pleased minister and the equally pleased congregation spread the news of his gift.

During this time John did not allow any alfalfa to grow under his feet. On the pretense of consulting some wealthy member of the congregation about some minor details of the organ he would drop into an office and before he left casually would mention the subject of the company that he was forming. Most of the men that he thus saw thought that it would be a good thing to be associated with a man who was making so much money that he was able to hand out \$5,000 without missing it, so that all were anxious to take stock in J. Smith's company.

Long before the time came for the first payment on the organ Smith had gathered enough money to start his business and was doing so well he had no difficulty in borrowing the amount needed to make the payment. From that time he has made money so fast that now he could give away several \$5,000 organs and pay for them as well.—Chicago Tribune.

MEXICAN POLITENESS.

In the State of Michoacan Chivalry Is Compulsory.

"If any man opines that the days of chivalry and the true knight errant spirit have gone forever, let him start forthwith on a far southward journey, not halt his steps until he brings up in the town of Morelia, which is the capital of the Mexican state of Michoacan," remarked a traveling man.

"Having arrived in Morelia, he will at once see that the chivalrous spirit still survives. I was down there not long ago, and the gallantry of the men and their extreme readiness to extend courtesies to the fair sex pleased and surprised me. When I noticed the alacrity with which the native males jumped up on the crowded street car to offer their seats to the first senorita that entered, I thought to myself how much more gentlemanly are these Mexicans than many of my own countrymen. They do not wait to see if some other man is going to get up, but each tries to beat the other in courteously proffering his seat to the lady. 'I spoke about the matter to the proprietor of the hotel and immediately he began to laugh. 'You must understand, senor,' said the innkeeper, 'that the governor of our state issued a decree that if any man keep his seat in a street car, thereby compelling a woman to stand, he is liable to arrest and a fine. The police have been instructed to execute this order severely, and I think this has much to do with the prompt politeness of which you speak, since none of our population wishes to become involved with the police and to be publicly branded as lacking in gentility.'"

—Baltimore American.

She Had Red Burns.

The philanthropic lady was visiting a Glasgow slum and had just been ushered into a house where the good wife was engaged washing. Her endeavor was to elevate the minds of the poor, and she asked, "Have you read Burns?"

In answer the good wife bared her brawny arm and displayed a large red mark, saying: "There's wan I got this morn wi' the steam o' the pot bilin' over. But, after a', a burr's aye red!"

Must Have Had Experience.

"Never mind, dear," he said reassuringly as she raised her sweet face from his shoulder and they both saw the white blur on his coat; "It will all brush off."

"Oh, Charlie," she burst out, sobbing, hiding her face again upon his whitey shoulder, "how do you know?"—Somerville Journal.

Both Ways.

Woman—Now that I have fed you, are you going without doing your work? Tramp—Oh couldn't wurruk on an empty stomach, mimm an' Oh nite wurruk on or full one, so there yez be!—Smart Set.

Making Headway.

Nervous Traveler (to seat companion).—How fast should you say you were traveling? Companion (who has been sitting with the girl across the way).—About a mile a minute.—Life.

WHEN BUSINESS IS DULL

Don't lay down, or in other words quit. A quitter never won a race or even created a favorable opinion. Make plenty of noise by advertising and the prospective purchaser will always have his eye on you.

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SEMI-ANNUAL

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Remember the Time and Place—Thursday and Friday, August Sixth and Seventh.

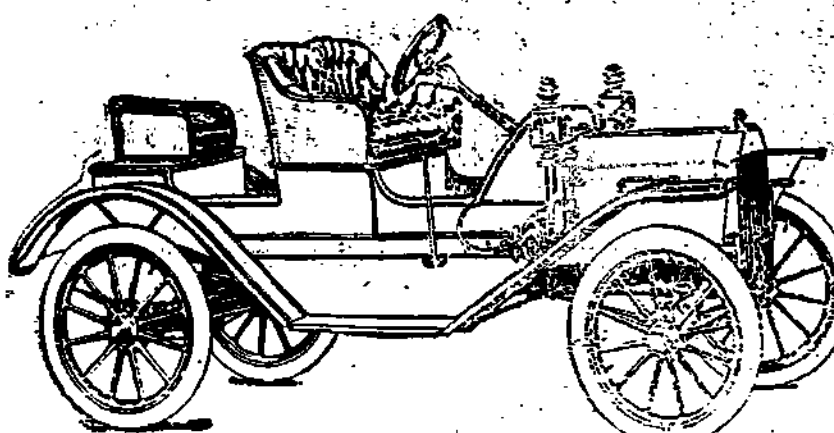
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Now, today, is a good time to start an account with the Charleroi Savings & Trust Company, where your deposits will earn a liberal rate of interest for you.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT, \$5.00 AND UP PER YEAR

Charleroi Savings & Trust Co.

CHARLEROI, PENNSYLVANIA.

4 per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
Compounded twice a year

Capital and Undivided Profits \$143,000.00

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Charleroi base ball Park

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CHARLEROI

AUGUST 3, 4, 5

Thursday Ladies Admitted Free.

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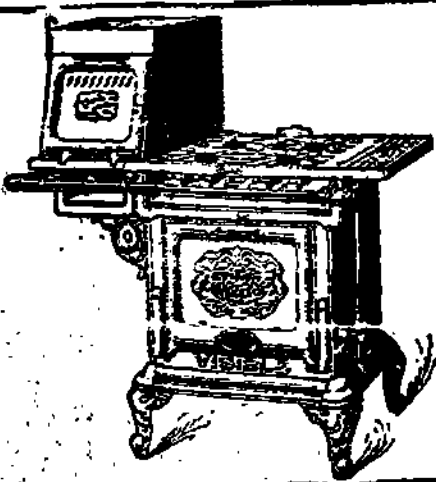
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Get our Prices on

Common and Face Brick

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Gas Ranges and Chandeliers,
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Buy Green Goods at Masters'

We are handling so much in the line of green goods that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh. When thinking about something dainty and nice for the table don't forget that we are always glad to send little purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

5912-14 Baum Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Charleroi, Pa.

Personal Mention

M. and Mrs. J. W. Carroll have returned from a visit at Atlantic City.

Mrs. O. F. Wise has returned from a visit at Rice's Landing with friends.

Herman Dague of Donora spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. James Frew and daughter Mildred Lou are spending a few days in Connelleville with friends.

George Kline and George Barnett were visitors at Washington Sunday.

C. H. Harper is a Pittsburgh business visitor today.

W. H. Reese was transacting business in Pittsburgh Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Werle were Pittsburgh visitors over Sunday.

Howard Hughes of Washington is spending a few days with friends and relatives in Charleroi.

George W. Province and W. C. Storer of Brownsville were calling on friends in Charleroi Sunday.

G. W. Speckman, superintendent Lock No 1, Pittsburgh was calling on friends in Charleroi Saturday.

J. E. Perkins who has been in charge of the Charleroi Employment Agency has relinquished that office.

Mrs. A. B. Brown has returned from a visit in Victoria, British Columbia.

T. B. Powell and wife have left for New York City to spend several days.

Mrs. W. P. Speckman of North Charleroi left Saturday for a two weeks' vacation at Chautauque and the eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lantz and niece Miss Mattie Kelly left Saturday for Mountain Lake Park, Md., to spend some time.

Frank Powell and Alex Thompson spent Sunday at the former's home in Mingo.

Miss Cora Hott has returned from a week's visit at Hometown. A friend, Miss Mamie Clutter accompanied her home for a visit.

Wisdom is knowledge, sound judgment and good conduct running together in harness and keeping step.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion IF PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

FOR SALE—Horse, wagon and harness. Inquire 162 Mail office. 303tf

WANTED—Sewing by the day or week. Children's sewing a specialty. 819 Fallowfield avenue. 294tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 184 tf

WANTED—10,000 lovers of fresh fish to call or phone your orders to the Merry Widow Fish Market, 312 6th street. R. P. Fitzgerald, Prop. 8053tp.

C. E. LANTZ

Successor to Lee Lantz

Dealer in FEED, GRAIN AND HAY

Orders Given Prompt Attention

21 MCKINLEY AVENUE